

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the clutches of a band of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse in his mansion...

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Hello! Where's Ford? He gave me a ticket to the theater tonight, and I want to punch his head. What's drama coming to, anyhow? Cigarettes and a hot coffee and a hot coffee and a hot coffee..."

"No, I'm just been wondering how far the theatrical managers can go without violating the golden rule. Norton sought his desk and began rummaging the drawers. He was not pausing for anything; he was merely passing away the time. By and by, when the pastime no longer served, he pulled his chair over to the window and sat down, staring at stars such as Copernicus never dreamed of. Ships going down to sea, ferries swooping diagonally hither and thither, the clockwork signs; but he took no note of these marvellous sights...

"Not at home," he muttered. "He had called, written, telephoned. No use. The door remained shut, Jones answered the telephone, and the letters came back. He began to think very deeply concerning the Perigoff woman. Had she any trick? Had that fainting spell been unbecomingly for his benefit as well as Florence's? But he had not a shadow of a proof. The thing that puzzled him equally with this was that all attempts against his life had miraculously ceased; no notes thundered down in front of him, and no autos tried to carry him in two. The only thing that kept him active was the daily call of Jones by wire. Miss Florence was well; that was all Jones was permitted to say. Restlessly Norton scanned his chair and walked over to the telephone booth. It was midnight. He might or might not be able to get Jones. But almost instantly a voice said, "What is it?"

"Yes. Who is it?" "Norton." "Why, you called me up not ten minutes ago." "Not it?" "It was your voice, as plain as day." "What did I want to know all at once. The reply did not come immediately. "You are certain it was not you?" "Wait a moment and I'll call the editor. He will prove to you that I've been here for an hour, and that this is the first call I've made. Some one has been imitating my voice. What did they say to you?" "You asked me to come down to the office at once, and I requested you to come to the house, and you said you could not. I declined to stir."

"Exactly what you're thinking—that they have come to life again." "Jones, is Miss Florence awake?" "No." "Do you think there is any hope of having her understand what really happened?" "I am here only to guard her. I cannot undertake to read her thoughts." "You're not quite in favor of a reconciliation?" "Oh, yes, if it went no further. Young people are young people the world over."

"What does that mean?" "That they would not create imaginative heartaches if they were not young. Better let things remain exactly as they are. When all these troubles are settled finally, the sick man's troubles may be talked over sensibly. But this is not the time. There is no news. Good-night." Norton returned to his chair, gloomily...

OWES HIS LIFE TO MEASLES

Man Afflicted With Tuberculosis and Given Up to Die Has the Laugh on the Doctors. If the doctors have given you up to die of tuberculosis, don't do it, but go and get a dose of the measles, and when you have recovered from the combination you will not have any tuberculosis, and will be as likely to outlive the doctor as he will be to outlive you. This may seem like a peculiar remedy, but a man named Trotter, who was given up to die by his physician, has outlived the doctor. Trotter was of a jolly disposition, and kept on his feet and out of doors a large part of his time, but it finally became only a question of days, and was so recognized by the sick man and all his friends. About this time an epidemic of measles broke out in the neighborhood, and as Trotter had never had the disease the doctor advised him to leave the locality, as to contract it would surely kill him.

GIVES VIEW OF THE OCEAN

Periscope, "Eye of the Submarine," is in Many Respects a Remarkable Invention. The great fault of the early submarines was that they could not see once they were below the surface of the water. The invention of the periscope altered all that, and gave the modern submarine a marvelous eye by means of which it could see over the surface of the ocean, though the body of the submarine is completely below the waves.

er than ever. With his feet upon the window sill he stared and stared and dreamed and dreamed till a hand fell upon his shoulder. It belonged to one of the office boys. "Note it you, sir."

Norton read it and tore it into little pieces. Then he rose and distributed the pieces in the several yawning waste baskets which strewed the aisle leading to the city desk. "I'm not wanted for anything," he asked. "No. Clear out!" laughed the night city editor. "The sight of you is putting everybody in the gloom ward."

Norton went down to the street. At the left of the entrance he was quickly joined by a man whose arm was carried in a sling. He motioned Norton to get into the taxicab. They were dropped in a deserted spot in Riverside. On foot they went forward to the deserted hangar of the aviator, William Orta. "I want you to tell Jones that a tug and several divers are at work on the spot where he threw the chest. That's all. Now, doctor, remind this arm of mine."

The amateur surgeon made a very good job of it; not for nothing had he followed fighting armies to the front. "Did they fight anything?" "Not up to date. But we might if we cared to. They have left a buoy over the spot they're exploring. But just now it floats a quarter of a mile to the east of the spot."

"Who were the men in the motor boat that chased Jones?" "Only Jones can tell you. Queer old coddler, eh?" "A bit stubborn. He wants to handle it without police assistance. "And he's right. We are not aiming to arrest anyone, sinisterly. There can't be any draw to this game. Here, no smoking. Too much gas aloft."

Norton put the cigarettes back into his pocket. "What's the real news?" he demanded. "You wouldn't not bring me out here just to rebuke that arm. It really did not need it. Come, out with it." "You're sharp. "I'm paid to be sharp. "I've found where the Black Hundred hid the chest. "By George, that's news!" "The room above is vacant. A little hole in the ceiling, and who knows what might happen?" "What do you want me to do?" "Tell Jones. When the next meeting comes around I'll advise you. I'm stumbled upon a disassembled member. So, look up, as they say. We've got two ends of the net down, and with a little care we'll have them all. Now let me have a hundred."

Norton drew out a packet of bills and counted off five twenties. "Why don't you drop the cash yourself?" "It happens to be in your name, son." "Forgo," said Norton. "But what a chance! I'll advise you. Nearly five thousand, all mine for a ticket to Algiers!" "A grant was the only reply. "I want you to tell me about the Perigoff woman." "I know only one thing—that Braine is there every night."

"The orders are for you to play the game just as you are playing it. When we strike, it must be the last blow. All this hide-and-seek business may look foolish to you. It's like that Japanese game called 'go.' It looks simple, but chess is a tyrant's game. Side it. Can you find your way back all right?" "I can." "Well, you'd better be going. That's all the light I have, in this torch here. Get a lot to do tomorrow and need sleep."

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get over it presently. Youth forgets. Time, like water, smooths away the rugged places. The countess called regularly. She was, of course, dreadfully sorry over what had happened. She had heard something about his character; newspaper men weren't always the best. This one was a mere fortune hunter; a two faced one, at that. She was never more surprised in her life when he threw his arms around her. And so on, and so forth, half lies and half truths, till the patient Jones felt like wringing her neck.

From his vantage point the butler sniffed ironically. He could read the heart of this Perigoff woman as he could read the page of a book. The effort! And all the while he must gravely admit her and pretend when the blood ried in his veins at the sight of her. But he dared not swerve a single inch from the plan laid down. It was a cup of bitter gall, and there was no way of avoiding the putting of it to his lips. She emanated poison as nightshade emanates it, the upas tree. And he must bide when she entered and how when she left! Still, she had done him an indirect favor in breaking up this love business.

One afternoon Braine summoned his runabout and called up two physicians. The one was a doctor in a white coat, the office of the first he sent his card in. The doctor replied in person. His face was pale and his hands shook. "Good afternoon," said Braine, smiling affably. "The doctor eyed him like a man hypnotized. "Where are you going to see me on some particular business?" "Very particular," dryly. "My car is outside. Will you be so good as to accompany me?"

The doctor slowly went into the hall for his hat and coat. He left the house and got into the car with never a word of protest. "Thinking?" said Braine. "I am always thinking whenever I see your evil face. What devilment do you require of me this time?" "A mere stroke of the pen." "Where are we going?" "To call on another physician of your standing, significantly. It is a great thing to have friends like you two. Always ready to serve us, for the mere love of it."

"There's no need of using that kind of talk to me. You have me in the hollow of your hand. Why should I bother to deny it? I have broken the law. I broke it because I was starving. "It is better to starve in freedom than to eat fat joints up the river. Today it is a question of sanity. And you want me to assist in signing away the liberty of some person who is perfectly sane?" "The nail on the head," urbanely. "You're a fine scoundrel!" "Not so loud!" warningly. "As loud as I please. I am not forgetting that you need me. I'm no coward. I recognize that you hold the whip hand. But you can send me to the chair before I'll crawl to you. Now, leave me alone for a while."

The other physician had no such qualms of conscience. He was ready at all times for the generous emolument which accrued from his dealings with the man Braine. The Countess Perigoff was indisposed; so it was quite in the order of things that she should summon physicians. There is a law in the state of New York—just or unjust, whichever you please—that reads that any person may be adjudged insane if the signature of two registered physicians are affixed to the document. It does not say that the physicians shall have been proved reputable.

There were, besides the physicians, a motherly looking woman and a man of benign countenance. Their faces were valuable assets. To gain another person's confidence is, perhaps, the greatest human achievement. A confidence man and woman in the real sense of the word. In your mind's eye you could see this man carrying the contribution plate down the aisle on Sunday mornings, and his wife Kate putting her mite on the plate for the benefit of some poor, unfortunates. "No wireless yet?" asked Norton. "The George Washington of the North German Lloyd does not answer. Something has happened to her wires; tampered with, possibly."

"So long as we know they are at sea, we can remedy the evil. They will not be able to land at a single port. I have sent ten cables. They can't get away from the wire. If I could only get hold of the names of those damnable doctors who signed that document! Twenty years." "Jones bent his head in his hands, and Norton tramped the floor till the sound of his footsteps threatened to

the seventeenth century. Jeffries, hearing the case against the Puritan, was trying to make fun of the old man, as was his habit. "I honor you, sir," said the judge, sneeringly, "from your head to your feet." "And I honor you, sir," said the old Puritan, "from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet." "I honor you," went on the judge, "from Land's End to John O'Grate's." "And I honor you from the Equator to the Antipodes." "I honor you," said the judge ironically, "to the gates of Hell!" The Puritan didn't reply at once. Then he said, "Sir, there is a passage in Holy Writ that says, 'Answer a fool according to his folly; I have done so. But there is another passage that says, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly.' Sir, I decline to follow you to Hell!"

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mobile contained Thomas Wendt and his wife Kate. The young woman stopped at the great dry goods shop near the public library, and for the time being naturally forgot everything but the marvels which had come from all parts of the world. It is as natural for a woman to buy as it is for a man to sell. In some manner or other Florence became separated from Susan. She hunted through aisle after aisle, but could not find her; for the simple reason that Susan was hunting for her. It occurred to the girl that Susan might have wisely concluded the best place to wait would be in the taxicab. And so Florence hurried out into the street, into the arms of the Wendt family, who were patiently awaiting her.

The trusted chauffeur had been sent around to the side entrance by the major domo. The young lady had so requested, so he said. Florence struggled and called for the policeman, who came running up, followed by the usual idle, curious crowd. "The poor young woman is insane," said the motherly Kate, tears in her eyes. The benighted Thomas looked at heaven. "We are her keepers." "It is not true!" cried Florence desperately. "She has the hallucination that she is the daughter of the millionaire Stanley Hargrave." And Thomas ex-

hibited his document, which was perfectly legal, so far as appearances went. "Hurry up and get her off the walk. I can't have the crowd growing any larger," said the policeman, convinced. So, despite her cries and protestations, Florence was hustled into the automobile, even the policeman lending a hand. "Poor young thing!" he said to the crowd. "Come, now, move on. I can't have the walk blocked up. Get a gait on you."

As he congratulated himself upon the orderliness of the affair when a keen-eyed young man in the garb of a chauffeur touched his shoulder. "What's this I hear about an insane woman?" he demanded. "She was insane, all right. They kept crying that she was Stanley Hargrave's daughter." "My God!" the young man struck his forehead in despair. "You say, she was Stanley Hargrave's daughter, and they've kidnaped her right under your nose? What was the number of the car?"

"Cut out that line of talk, young fellow; I know my business. They had the proper documents." "But you hadn't brains enough to inquire whether they were genuine or not! You wait!" shrieked the chauffeur. "I have you broken for this work. He wheeled and ran back to his car, to find Susan and the countess in a great state of agitation. "They got her, they got her! And I swore on the book that they never should, so long as I drove the car." "Susan weeped, and the countess tried in vain to console her. And when Jones was informed he frightened even the countess with the snarl of rage which burned across his lips. He tore into the hall, seized his hat, and was gone. Not a word of reproach did he offer to the chauffeur. He understood that no one is infallible. He found the blundering policeman, who now realized that he stood in for a whiff of the commissioner's carpet. All he could do was to give a good description of the man and woman. Word was sent through the city. The police had to be informed this time.

Late in the day an officer whose badge included the ferry landing at Hoboken said he had seen the three. Everything had fallen all right to him. "It was the motherly face of the one and the benign countenance of the other that had blinded him. At midnight Jones, haggard and with the air of one beaten, returned home. "No wireless yet?" asked Norton. "The George Washington of the North German Lloyd does not answer. Something has happened to her wires; tampered with, possibly."

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drive the moaning Susan into hysterics. "It is only a matter of a few days." "But can the child stand the terrors?" questioned Jones. "Who knows that they may not really drive her insane?" Board the George Washington every one felt extremely sorry for this beautiful girl. It was a frightful misfortune to be so stricken at her age. "She is certainly insane," said one of the passengers, who had known Hargrave slightly through some banking business. "The matter wasn't married. He lived alone."

After the second day out Florence was permitted to wander about the ship as she pleased. A good many of the passengers were slightly worried when they learned that the wireless had in some mysterious way been tampered with after the boat had made the open sea. It was impossible to pat about. The apparatus must be fixed at sea. And when finally Norton's wireless caught the wires of the George Washington he was greatly informed that the young lady referred to had leaped the rail of the banks at night and had been drowned. She had not been missed till the following morning.

CHAPTER X. The Past a Blank. It was perfectly true that Florence had cast herself into the sea. It had not been an act of despair, however. On the contrary, hope and courage had prompted her to leap. The night was clear, with only a moderate sea running. At the time the great ship was passing the banks, and almost within hail she saw a fishing schooner riding gracefully at anchor. She quite readily believed that if she remained on board the George Washington she was lost. She naturally forgot the marvel of wireless telegraphy. No longer may a man hide at sea. So, with that quick thought which was a part of her inheritance, she seized the life buoy, climbed the rail and leaped far out. As the great, dark, tossing sea swooped up to meet her she noted a block of wood bobbing up and down. She tried to avoid it, but could not, and struck it head on. Despite the blow and the shock of the chill water she instinctively clung to the buoy. The wash from the mighty propellers tossed her about, hither and yon, from one swirl to another, like a chip of wood. Then everything grew blank.

Fortunately for her the master of the fishing schooner was at the time standing on his quarterdeck by the wheel, squinting through his glass at the liner and envying the ease and comfort of those on board her. The mate, sitting on the steps and smoking a pipe, saw the master lean forward suddenly, lower the glass, then raise it again. "Lord a'mighty!" "What's the matter, cap'n?" "Take in God's name, come 'ere and take a peek through this glass. I'm dreading it."

The mate jumped and took the glass. "Where away, sir?" "A pint off th' starboard bow. See somethin' white bobbin' up?" "Yes! Looks like some one dropped a bolster 'r a pillow overboard. Cod's whiskers! He broke off." "Then I ain't really seen 'em," cried the master. "Hi, y' lubbers!" he yelled to the crew; "lower th' dory. They's a woman in th' water out there. I seen her leap th' rail. Look alive! She's th' wife! Mate, you go 'long."

The crew dropped their tasks and sprang for the davits, and the starboard dory was lowered in shipshape style. It takes a good bit of seamanship to haul a dory out into the water, and a dancing bobbed dory, when a moment it is climbing frantically heavenward and the next heading for the bottomless pit. They were very tender with her. They laid her out in the bottom of the boat, with the life buoy as a pillow, and pulled energetically for the schooner. She was alive, because she breathed; but she did not stir so much as an eyelid. It was a stiff bit of work, too, to land her aboard without adding to her injuries. The master ordered the men to put her in the dory, and he himself, with a grudge for forcing her brandy down her throat. "Well, she's alive, anyhow."

When Florence finally opened her eyes the gray of dawn lay on the sea, dotted here and there by the schooners of the fleet, which seemed to be hanging in mid-air, as if the men were visible to the eye no horizon. "Don't seem 'r recognize nothin'." "Mebbe she's got a fever," suggested the mate, rubbing his brawny chin. "Fever nothin'! Not after bein' in th' water half an hour. Mebbe she hit one o' them wooden floats we left them dinged lines keep on crowdin' us," growled Barnes, with a laborer's hate for the floating bottles. "Went by without a toot. See 'er, jes' like th' banker's wife goin' 'r church on Sunday? A mile a minute; fog or no fog, it's all the same 'r them. They run us down an' never stop. What th' tarantion we goin' to do? She'll haff 'r stay aboard till th' rain stop. I can't afford 'r yank up my mudhook this time o' day."

"Guess she can stand three 'r four days in our company, smellin' off the fish, kerosene, an' punk 'bacco." "If y' don't like th' kind o' 'bacco I buy buy your own. I ain't objectin' none." The mate stepped over to the bunk and gazed at his hand over the girl's head. "Coddy whiskers, cap'n! they's a bump as big's a cork on th'

the seventeenth century. Jeffries, hearing the case against the Puritan, was trying to make fun of the old man, as was his habit. "I honor you, sir," said the judge, sneeringly, "from your head to your feet." "And I honor you, sir," said the old Puritan, "from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet." "I honor you," went on the judge, "from Land's End to John O'Grate's." "And I honor you from the Equator to the Antipodes." "I honor you," said the judge ironically, "to the gates of Hell!" The Puritan didn't reply at once. Then he said, "Sir, there is a passage in Holy Writ that says, 'Answer a fool according to his folly; I have done so. But there is another passage that says, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly.' Sir, I decline to follow you to Hell!"

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back o' her head! She's struck one o' them floats all right. Where's th' arnica?" Barnes turned to his locker and rummaged about, finally producing an arnica bottle and some passably clean cloth used frequently for bandages. Sometimes a man grows careless with his life on his back either his knife or got in the way of a pulley block. With blundering kindness the two men bound up the girl's head, and then went about their duties. For three days Florence evinced not the slightest inclination to be moved. The lay on her back either asleep or with her eyes staring at the beams above her head. She ate just enough to keep her alive; and the strong black coffee did nothing more than to make her waker. No one knew what the matter was. There was the bump, now diminished; but that it should leave her in this comatose state vastly puzzled the men. The truth is she had suffered a slight concussion of the brain, and this, atop of all the worry she had had for the last few weeks, was sufficient to cause this blankness of the mind.

The final cod was cleaned and packed away in salt, the mudhook raised, and the schooner Betty set her head for the southeast. Barnes readily agreed that to save the girl she must have a doctor who knew his business. Mrs. Barnes would know how to care for the girl, once she knew what the trouble was. There would be some news in the papers. A young and beautiful woman did not jump from a big Atlantic liner without the newspapers getting hold of the facts. A fair wind carried the Betty into her haven, and shortly after Florence was sleeping peacefully in a fever bed, and it is true, but none the less soft and inviting. In all this time she had not spoken a single word. "The poor young thing!" murmured the motherly Mrs. Barnes. "What beautiful hair! O, John, I wish you would give up the sea. I hate it. It's terrible. I am always watching you in my mind's eye, in calm weather, in storms. Pieces of wrecks come ashore, and I always wonder over the death and terror back of them."

"Don't y' worry none about me Betty. I never take no chances. Now I'm goin' int' th' village an' bring back th' sawbones. He'll tell us what 't do." The village doctor shook his grizzled head gravely. "She's been hurt and shocked at the same time. It will be many days before she comes around to herself. Just let her do as she pleases. Only keep an eye on her so that she doesn't wander off and get lost. I'll watch the newspapers and if I come across anything which bears upon the case I'll notify you."

But he searched the newspapers in vain; for the simple fact that he did not think to glance over the old ones. The village took a good deal of interest in the affair. They gossiped about it and strolled out to the Barnes' cottage to satisfy their curiosity. One thing was certain to their simple minds: some day Barnes would get a great sum of money for his kindness. They had read about such things in the family story paper. She was a rich man's daughter; the ring on the unknown's finger would have fitted out a fleet. Florence was soon able to walk about. Ordinary conversation she seemed to understand; but whenever the past was broached she would

will soon learn much about the business, but should be watched to see that he does not try to go to the head of the cattle. After letting his try with the older dog for a few times he should be taken to the sheep or cattle without the other dog. If the cattle have been used to being driven by dogs they will not turn upon him, an occurrence which might injure his driving qualities for some time to come. He should learn the meaning of "Steady" when inclined to drive the cattle fast, and if the first training is to be done well stop promptly when told to halt.

The word "Fetch" is commonly used when sending the dog to drive sheep, and the word "Go" for cattle; and the dog will learn to understand which his master wants him to drive. He should be taught to know the left from the right, obeying the motion of the hand in either direction. KEEPING FIELD EDGES CLEAN. Many Farmers Do Not Make Much Effort to Discourage Encroachment of Trees Along Creeks. Most owners of creek farms do not make any great effort to fight the brush and timber that keeps creeping in from the woodland along the fields. Where there is plenty of rainfall, the timber can crowd in on the fields very rapidly, and the farmers who do not desire to have the size of the fields decrease should do every effort to keep the edges of the field trimmed up.

White elms are especially bad about working into a field. This tree has long limbs, which grow for really wonderful distances over the fields, shade the ground, and prevent the crop from making a profitable growth. Then the tree produces great amounts of seed which fly out over the fields, where they sprout and begin to grow. It is true they usually will die, but they cause as much bother as weeds, and they must be killed. Fertilizer for Trees. When putting out young trees do not use manure around the roots. Set each tree in its place and fill in with the top soil, using plenty of water, and shade the ground with a single row of the trees as may be necessary to remove, to prevent overtaxing the roots to supply too many branches. A handful of bone meal is the best fertilizer to use with the soil that is returned to the roots.

Fruit-Growing Possibilities. The fruit-growing possibilities of this country are so great and as yet so slightly tested, and the successes that have been achieved even on the largest scale have been so largely matters of accident or surprise, that the limits of the fruit-growing districts, and even of the principal fields of production, cannot yet be regarded as finally determined. Shovel Corn into Steers. It does seem that when a farmer makes a good thing out of two or three thousand bushels of corn into a lot of steers he would take the precaution to select the kind of animals that would make the best use of it. Small Farm is Best. The very small farm equals the large one in profits and surpasses it in home joys and comforts. Man Who Improves Dairy. If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grows before is to be called blessed the same thing should be said of the man who improves his dairy until it produces twice as much butter as it did before that would make the best use of it. Eradicating Thistles. Special methods for eradicating thistles are the growing of alfalfa, the seeding down of fields of perennial grasses, sowing clover plants, or applying gasoline or carbolic acid. Humus Absorbs Water. Humus absorbs water to a greater degree than any other soil ingredient and acts as a mulch in preventing evaporation, thus in two ways promoting moisture in the soil.

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TRAINING SHEEP DOG

Collie Should be Taught Wholly by One Person.

Lessons of Half an Hour Daily are Sufficient and First One Should be Learned Thoroughly—Pup Should be Watched. A good collie will be ready to begin to learn to drive sheep at about three months of age. He should be taught wholly by one person. First teach him to lead, pinning a string about his neck. He will soon learn not to try to get away and to come on hearing the word "Here," or whatever word is chosen, pulling on the string until he learns to come promptly.

Lessons of half an hour a day are enough and this first lesson should be learned very thoroughly, so that the dog will come from any part of the yard instantly on hearing the word. Next he learns the meaning of the word "Go" by using the word when sending him through an enclosure, continually repeating the lesson until he acts promptly. As a part of this lesson he should be taught to stop anywhere on the word "Halt," emphasized at first by pulling on the string, which should be attached to his neck.

The word "When" is also used by some trainers to indicate that the teacher is through with him for the time being and the dog soon learns to understand it. While driving sheep it is convenient to have the dog understand the word "Speak" which means that he is to begin barking, and he can be taught the word very easily by holding up something which he wants to eat and using the word. The meaning of "Out" is easily taught when the dog is in the house by opening the door and pronouncing the word. After this preliminary education he may go out with an old trained sheep dog. By running with him the pup

SAFETY OF WATER SUPPLIES

Much Depends on Character and Quality of Soil in Which Well is Sunk—Sources of Pollution.

(By R. TROLLINGER.) The safety of water supplies when near sources of possible surface pollution often depends largely on the character and quality of the material in which the well is sunk. Surface waters in sinking through sandy soils or surfaces are filtered, and in the finer sands much of the polluting matter which they carry is frequently removed. In coarser sands or gravel the degree of filtration is less, but water taken from sands and gravels at a considerable depth may be considered relatively safe. Waters from wells in clay are not often polluted, since surface pollution filters through clay very slowly.

Waters from wells in limestones are frequently polluted, owing to the fact that limestone soils usually contain passages and channels at different depths which sometimes form a continuous passage for underground water for a considerable distance and which are very often directly connected with surface basins occurring here and there on the surface. It is a common practice to dump

manure, trash and garbage into such sinks or basins, and rain water falling into these plunges directly into the underground channels, carrying with it the impurities from the basin to those points where wells are sunk. In this manner garbage or refuse dumped anywhere in the neighborhood or even at a considerable distance from a well in limestone may pollute the water.

WINTER QUARTERS FOR BEES

Little Honey Gatherers Are Often Injured by Being Disturbed in Fall—Good Time to Buy.

The beginner who buys bees in the spring usually takes a daily interest in them. He will then have numerous chances to enjoy his bees, and the daily or weekly visits will not injure them, especially if their needs are properly attended; while in the fall he would only be injuring them by disturbing them often. The reason for advising one not to buy bees in the fall is that there is much more risk in transporting them in that season than in the spring. The combs are more likely to break in transit. Also the bees are probably all old enough to be acquainted with the location, and more of them will be lost when putting them on a new stand, especially if but little distance from their former location. Wintering is probably the most difficult part of beekeeping and it is hardly advisable to buy bees just before they have to face the winter, for a beginner would scarcely be able to judge of the strength and wealth of the colony.

In the fall the breeding has stopped and it is more difficult to ascertain whether the bees have a good queen, and it takes quite a little experience to be able to judge positively that they have enough honey.

SORTING TABLE ON WHEELS

Single Horses Can Move Device to Any Desired Point as Work in the Orchard Proceeds.

In commercial orcharding it is generally most economical to have picking and packing work going on concurrently. This saves putting the apples on the ground and having to handle them again. A portable sorting table upon which pickers can empty their bins is placed on low tracks and moved to any desired point as the work proceeds. It should be made large enough to hold not less than two barrels of fruit. The rear bolster is higher than that at the open end, so that the culls can be rolled off.

A long, heavy plank is placed on the ground on each side of this table on which the barrels are set for filling. The culls are allowed to roll into a pile from the lower end of the grading table. Makes Chickens Grow. By treating young chickens with